

THE ACADEMY.  
April 9, 1910.

The Re-union of Christendom and Manning Foster of Greening's

# THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1979

APRIL 9, 1910

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

WHAT'S become of Waring since he gave us all the slip? In other words, what has become of Mr. Arthur James Balfour? Is it old age or philosophical doubt? If ever a Leader of the Opposition was offered chances by the stars in their courses—to say nothing of the angels—Mr. Balfour has been offered those opportunities by that trembling groom of Mr. Redmond, the Rt. Hon. Herbert Asquith, Prime Minister of England. For months back the press has been prating about Mr. Balfour's "brilliant and scathing attacks" upon the enemies of the Constitution. But for our own part we cannot remember that Mr. Balfour has done a brilliant thing or said much of a wise one any time this last twelvemonth. What is more terrible still, he appears to have become a convert to the Lloyd George method of speech-making. It will be remembered that when Mr. Lloyd George introduced his idiotic Budget he had to be fed with a spoon by his backers and allowed frequent intervals for lying down. This is a new thing for English Chancellors with Budget speeches to get rid of, and we are sorry that Mr. Balfour, who was once the glass of fashion and the mould of form where parliamentary debating was concerned, should appear to be taking such a leaf out of Mr. Lloyd George's grimy book. It is true that Mr. Balfour has not yet had resort to pap-boats and patent medicines in the middle of his speeches, but his "brilliant attacks" on the other side have been so punctuated with visits to the Riviera and week-ends at sunny Sidcup, interspersed with infantile indispositions, that one finds it difficult to piece together the campaign. Of course, if it is illness that is preventing Mr. Balfour from holding on with all his teeth he has our sympathy. At the same time, the moment is actually with us, and it seems a pity that our man should be so frequent in his entrances and exits and do so little while he remains "on."

From the *Literary Post* we take the following cryptic words:—

Mr. Harold Cox's after-dinner allegation that "journalism is subsidised by the advertiser" has called forth some angry remonstrances. The statement, of course, was much too sweeping: the public is a sterner taskmaster than the advertiser, and any organ that made conciliation of the latter the only

consideration would speedily lose both circulation and advertisements. But if the advertising department does not inspire the editorial policy, it acts as a check on editorial freedom to a regrettable extent. We could quote several notorious instances wherein the silence of the Press was secured by lavish advertising. The worst aspect of this subservience to questions of revenue is perhaps represented by what is known as "City business." There are papers which get a large share of financial advertising not on account of their value as mediums for reaching the investing public, but on account of what they might say if they were 'left out of the promoters' lists. We do not wish to be censorious: the organs that are independent of the advertisers are very few. But to take up a position of exalted impeccability in this respect is to invite criticism.

For a paper with "literary" in its title this is *naïf* to a degree. And particularly *naïf* is the attempt to lay off the major share of the blame on the shoulders of newspapers which concern themselves with City business. The *Literary Post* does not appear to have a City column, though, if we remember rightly, the projectors promised us something of the kind. There would be no hurt in a City column, even for a literary journal. The *Saturday Review* disports itself from time to time in the pleasant land of finance, and in the still pleasanter province of insurance. We are not aware that it has been suggested that the *Saturday Review* says its financial and insurance say for the pure purpose of luring on the well-breeched City advertiser. So that the *Literary Post's* financial column is not important. What we do like about our youthful contemporary's pretty paragraph, however, is the frank admission that while "we do not wish to be censorious: the organs that are independent of the advertisers are very few." Which is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And the *Literary Post's* addendum is prettier still. "To take up a position of exalted impeccability in this respect is to invite criticism." On the whole, therefore, we are entitled to assume that the *Literary Post* does not take up a position of "exalted impeccability in this respect." Which is rich, and indicates to us what we are to expect from the *Literary Post*. Of course, it may be that the *Literary Post* has determined to be "impeccable," and is equally determined not to mention it. In which case we must weep for the *Literary Post*; because the advertisers will soon find it out, and after that there will not be much glad singing.

The relation between the advertiser and the newspaper has become so patently ridiculous and so unblushingly corrupt that to discuss it at any length would be idle. In effect there is no deception about it, and the public, which the *Literary Post* describes as "stern taskmasters," is a willing and complacent accessory to the whole business. The public has been told three times that it is impossible to run a paper without advertisements. The public believes this in its heart and is not in the least sorry. The public has also been advised by suggestion and indirection that you cannot get advertisements without in some sort and some way doing something to please, comfort, and encourage the advertiser. The man who reads in his morning paper a lengthy article upon the Feeding of Infants and finds that article flanked on the right and on the left with displayed advertisements of patent foods and improved feeding bottles and motor-bassinettes, and perceives, too, that in small type under the main headline the editor observes "this article is compiled from materials from the firms named therein," is not to be hoodwinked unless he happens to be a particularly sheer ass. Even if the honest announcement as to origins is omitted—and quite frequently it is omitted—the position of the advertisements is quite sufficient for most of us. And even if the advertisements are well removed

from the article, or they do not appear at all on the same day as the article, the public is quite sagacious enough to know what really is meant and quite capable of comforting itself with the reflection that if these small dodges were not permitted the publication of a twopenny paper for a hapenny would be out of the question. The statement that the press is subsidised by advertisers is just a plain statement of the fact in so far as one may mean by the press certain popular and "great" daily newspapers. Of course, other abuses arise other than the mere puff direct and obvious, not to say the puff indirect and obvious. But, in the main, these abuses are so grossly serious that they do not occur with over great frequency, and when they do occur the wise are quite capable of recognising them. The fact that the *Daily Blair* is puffing somebody's shares or somebody's motor-cars or somebody's tooth-wash does not prove on the one hand that the shares, motor-cars, or tooth-wash are bad and undesirable. Neither does it, on the other hand, prevent the *Daily Blair* from publishing sound views on the political situation or providing a very thorough and comprehensive service of foreign news. The average decent person would probably prefer to have the political article and the fine service of foreign news without its noble backing of puffs and advertisements; but he has been told that if the puffs and advertisements were to be removed his newspaper would cost him twopence or threepence instead of a hapenny or a penny, and he is content to save money. So wags the merry world, and the grumblers are few and considered eccentric.

Where the shoe really pinches is not in regard to the daily press in the mass, but in regard to the critical press at large, and that section of the critical press which embraced in the daily press. There is the theatre, for example. The weekly critical press, taken in the lump, does not receive any really tangible support from theatrical advertisers. Hence, of course, one may always depend on finding the approximate truth about a play in the weekly reviews. The dramatic critic of a weekly paper has the freest hand of any man who writes for it. He says what he thinks, and, as a rule, he says it in just such language as pleases him. At times the theatrical managers rise in their wrath and refuse the "usual complimentary tickets" to a critic who has spoken a little too loudly, but such rebellions are rare, and they can always be immediately checked so long as a stall is obtainable for a guinea or standing room in the pit can be had for half-a-crown. With daily theatrical critics, on the other hand, the position is somewhat different. Managers advertise in the dailies, and consequently the violent daily critic runs considerable risks. Even an old journalist cannot give better advice to a young dramatic critic who wishes to keep his job than the general advice, "Never come into collision with a manager, and always be fulsome where you can praise, and praise when you feel inclined to blame." We do not suggest that the manager of a theatre will go the length of threatening to withdraw his advertisements if the critic does not praise him. But it is certain that the daily critic who happens to have an acrid manner of writing or to be severe in his judgments is never a dramatic critic for one paper many months on end. The demand is for "geniality," and failing geniality critical parts will not avail.

It goes without saying, however, that the dramatic interest is not the great interest where the weekly review is concerned. Unpleasant as the reflection may appear, we have to admit that it is the literary interest which is the mainstay of the weekly reviews, and that without the literary interest the majority of them would perish. Furthermore the advertising upon which the weeklies have chiefly to depend is the advertising of the publisher. The *Athenæum* of last Saturday contains six pages of publishers' advertisements and only two pages of general

advertisements. The *Saturday Review* of the same date was rather swamped with City matter, but nevertheless mustered up between two and three pages from the publishers, while the *Spectator* had eight pages out of fourteen, and the *Nation* three pages out of six. It would be ridiculous to assert that the publishers' advertisements in these issues represent such and such hard and fast bargains as between the publishers and editors for "kind," "genial," or otherwise favourable notices. Such an arrangement could not be whispered by a publisher to an editor with any sort of safety to the publisher. But the fact remains, and every editor has to admit, that if the downright truth is to be said in any given journal respecting the publication of any given publishing firm, that firm will sooner or later retaliate by the withdrawal of advertisements. Minor poets and "commission authors"—that is to say, authors who pay for the publication of their own works—may be severely criticised and even abused with impunity, particularly if the abuse is adorned with a little compliment as to the general excellence of the publisher's output. But to condemn a book which, however stupid or undesirable from a literary point of view, has nevertheless a chance of proving commercially successful is to court the wrath and condemnation of the house which has produced it, and an ultimate diminution or closing up of that firm's publishing account. Of course, no publisher will tell you to your face that he is ceasing to advertise because you have attacked this or that novel, or this or the other eminently ridiculous but none the less marketable work. The publisher prefers to tell both you and his friends that he does not now advertise in the *Penwiper* because he considers that the paper is not what it used to be, and that its influence is waning, and that it does not support the "publishing trade." And he will unctuously wind up his remarks by asking your representative to call upon him again in a few months' time, during which period he will "watch the paper with a view to doing his best for it." The which, of course, means that if you value the great gentleman's patronage you must spend three months in sweetening him by the publication of "useful" reviews, puff paragraphs, and so forth. In other words, you must be most careful not to be "impeccable."

Fortunately or unfortunately, the average editor is more or less of a person of business, and possesses a certain amount of tact. He will not enter into compacts with a low publisher in any conceivable circumstance. He is a man of honour, and a man who does his best to cultivate a proper sense of his duty to the public. And it is not his duty to the public to employ bitter bludgeoning reviewers. The reviewers for their part have learnt by hard experience that there are two sorts of reviewers in the world, namely, those who very nobly see good in everything and are labelled "genial," and those who deem it their duty to say the truth about bad work and are labelled "bludgeoners." The result is that for one bludgeoner you can always find a hundred "genial" men. The effect upon current letters is obvious. If one reads certain of the literary journals one is forced to the conclusion that the publishing houses, with money to spend on advertisements, never by any chance publish a bad or undesirable book from one year's end to another. Much of the praise with which these sheets are laden is no doubt well deserved; some of it is not deserved, and some of it is preposterous. Of the blame one can form no judgment, because it is never printed.

We do not say that the position is tragically serious. People who buy and read books are not readily hoodwinked, and no amount of fulsome reviewing will sell dull or mediocre work, or will make a great author out of a dullard or a charlatan. The trouble is that the publisher believes the direct opposite. Hence we see what we see, and hence it comes to pass that the sagacious



book-buyer has an utter contempt for the reviewing and criticism of the time, and hence it comes to pass that the *Literary Post* is in a position to assert roundly that the journal which lays claim to "exalted impeccability," or in other words, plain honesty, with respect to its criticism lays itself open to be considered ridiculous. We do not agree with the *Literary Post*. We should advise the *Literary Post* and all other journals which dabble with literature to strive after absolute honesty in these regards. And if they know, as they must know, that the publishers are against them, we do not see what good purpose is to be served by a public throwing up of the sponge. It is a fact which nobody concerned seems to recognise, that the possessor of a comparatively small sum of money, and a determination to do his duty by the public and let the publishers hang, could make himself master of the situation inside a twelvemonth. Some day a man with such a sum as fifty thousand pounds and a proper contempt for advertisers, body and bone, may be found, and letters and literary journalism will come into their own again. In the meantime, the advertiser is master, and when he finds the slave owning up to his slavery he chortles. The one good feature of the business from our point of view is that no publisher in England has ever been able to get the rein on THE ACADEMY.

The *English Review* for April contains a poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy, entitled "A Singer Asleep." The poem celebrates in resonant numbers the fame of the late Mr. Swinburne. We quote some of the stanzas:—

## I.

In this fair niche above the unslumbering sea,  
That sentrys up and down all night, all day,  
From cove to promontory, from ness to bay,  
The Fates have fity bidden that he should be  
Pillowed eternally.

## II.

It was as though a garland of red roses  
Had fallen about the hood of some smug nun  
When irresponsibly dropped as from the sun  
In fulth of numbers freaked with musical closes  
Upon Victoria's formal middle time,  
His leaves of rhythm and rhyme.

## III.

O that far morning of a summer day  
When, down a terraced street whose pavements lay  
Glassing the sunshine into my bent eyes,  
I walked and read with a quick glad surprise  
New words, in classic guise,—

## IV.

The passionate pages of his earlier years,  
Fraught with hot sighs, sad laughter, kisses, tears;—  
Fresh-fluted notes, yet from a minstrel who  
Blew them not naively, but as one who knew  
Full well why thus he blew.

And so on. We are not so sure that Mr. Hardy's view of Swinburne is a view that Swinburne himself would have liked; but there it is, and, on the whole, Mr. Hardy has expressed it in moving language. Immediately after this plum, however, the Editor of Hueffer's *English Review* serves up some very small potatoes. As, for example, the following, which is called "Rebuked":—

How big and white the night is!  
I stumble where the shadows lie  
Fooling my feet!—does the night-moth  
Mock as it flutters by?

The moon is high—I am little!  
She leans forward her smooth pale face  
And smiles at my furtive shadow  
Dodging behind in disgrace.

Dear dear, dear, dear! "Dodging behind in disgrace." If the *English Review* continues to print "poetry" of this description it will soon be dodging behind in disgrace with a vengeance. For his star prose man, the Editor of Hueffer's *English Review* has actually called down Mr. Frank Harris, who obliges with an old story about the Stigmata which even the *Daily News* cannot abide. And for next month Mr. Harris is billed to write about Shakespeare's women! The tumbling of *Vanity Fair* into Hueffer's *English Review* in this incontinent manner will doubtless amuse the town, and that is all that can be said for it. There is an article, too, by Anatole France, which, for obvious reasons, is printed in French, and is just as full of Monsieur France's impertinent cocksure blasphemy as one might expect in the circumstances. We must, however, console ourselves with the reflection that only a very few of Mr. Alfred Mond's Radical readers will be able to thumb it out with the help of a cheap French dictionary.

We are sorry to have to revert once more to an unpleasant subject. We have always been most anxious to avoid anything which might appear like vindictiveness towards the Hon. H. F. W. Manners Sutton. By the verdict given at the Old Bailey, Mr. Manners Sutton was branded as a man of such character that it was practically impossible to libel him, and the same verdict served as a complete vindication of the characters of those who are responsible for the conduct of THE ACADEMY. We were quite content to leave matters there, and to give Mr. Manners Sutton the opportunity of retiring for a time, at any rate, into private life, and endeavouring to cultivate a chastened spirit. Unfortunately, however, it appears that Mr. Manners Sutton has misconstrued our leniency towards him, and he has gone to the length of causing a letter to be written from Paris containing reflections on the Editor of this paper. Had the letter been written in England, its writer, who is a woman, would have found herself in a very serious position. The fact that Mr. Manners Sutton should have allowed himself to be a party to such a scandalous proceeding (the letter in question was addressed to Lady Alfred Douglas) clearly shows that he is not disposed to understand the position in which he has placed himself by his recent conduct and his insane attempt to procure the conviction of Mr. Crosland. That being so, Mr. Manners Sutton assumes once more the figure of a mischievous public character, and it becomes our duty to give emphasis to facts which otherwise we would gladly have left unmentioned. We are informed that Mr. Manners Sutton still remains a member of the St. James's Club, and as far as our information goes, we believe that he is still a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Norfolk. In view of the recent exposure as to the nature of his moral and his commercial character, we venture to think that both these circumstances are, to say the least of it, most extraordinary. Are we to understand that the members of a club of the standing of the St. James's Club, and as far as our information goes, we believe that he is still a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Norfolk. In view of the recent exposure as to the nature of his moral and his commercial character, we venture to think that both these circumstances are, to say the least of it, most extraordinary. Are we to understand that the members of a club of the standing of the St. James's Club, are prepared to condone conduct of the kind of which Mr. Manners Sutton has been guilty, and are we to understand that those who are responsible for advising His Majesty consider that such a gentleman is entitled to occupy an honourable public position? We do not suppose for a moment that the Committee of the St. James's Club wishes to approve of Mr. Manners Sutton's conduct, and still less that the King approves of it. Probably both parties have refrained from interfering because they did not wish to be too hard on a young man of family. At the same time the St. James's Club should show some respect for the feelings of its own members, and we cannot conceive of a responsible authority which will confirm in his position of Deputy-Lieutenant of his county a man whose character has been publicly traversed in the manner in which Mr. Manners Sutton's character has been traversed.

## THE SHRINE

Stood Cecily before a gilded screen;  
Thereon was carved the song that is her name  
For eyes to mark with awe, and lips to frame  
Sweetly; in earth's glad morning she hath been  
By virtue of her beauty, April's queen,  
When silence held the birds for very shame  
Of loveliness, and flowers reluctant came,  
(Since she no garland needs).

Rich and serene

And hush'd, her soul doth keep its music shrined  
As in some abbey-church where long-ago  
A king stood crown'd. And through all time she deigns  
To be the distant heaven of our blind  
And voiceless hearts,—the vision melting slow  
That leaves a whisper of immortal strains.

S. S.

### THE RE-UNION OF CHRISTENDOM AND MANNING FOSTER OF GREENING'S

It is singular that the average Churchman—or, at any rate, the average professional Churchman—should invariably turn a blind eye to the shortcomings and misdeeds of his own particular flock. Some months ago, when we were in the middle of our campaign against "The Yoke," we were informed that the publisher of that scandalous volume, Mr. John Long, had no knowledge that the book was an improper one. Further, Mr. Long refused to take our word for it that the book was improper, preferring to entrench himself in his ignorance and to keep on collecting profits. Being aware that Mr. Long was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, we consequently took it upon ourselves to write to Archbishop Bourne about "The Yoke," and to beg his Grace to use his influence with Mr. Long with a view to "The Yoke" being withdrawn from circulation. After some delay we were informed by the Archbishop's secretary that he was out of the country; and ultimately, in reply to a further pressing letter, the Archbishop informed us that Mr. Long had never come before him as a Roman Catholic or as a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and that therefore he could not interfere. Let us look into the position. It is obvious that "The Yoke" is a book which Archbishop Bourne would desire good Catholics to refrain from reading; not only so, it is a book which the authorities of the Roman Church would without the smallest hesitation place upon their own Index Expurgatorius. We are also aware that on more than one occasion Archbishop Bourne has lent his name and influence to movements for "cleansing London" and "getting rid of filth." Yet when a member of his own Church is discovered to be engaged in a nefarious traffic the Archbishop puts his blind eye to the telescope, and can see nothing and do nothing. He would not even go the length of dropping a single word in his letter to us which might have been held to indicate that Archbishop Bourne and his Church did not approve of

improper literature, no matter by whom published. Our conclusions in the matter were quite simple conclusions. It appeared to us at the moment—and it still appears to us—that we must make choice between two keys to the situation. That is to say, Archbishop Bourne is disposed to overlook and by his silence to condone something that is entirely against religion and public morality, either because the person who is making money out of that evil something is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, or because the Archbishop is so little concerned with religion and public morality that he will not trouble to interfere. Of course, it is quite possible that Archbishop Bourne may have had reasons of which we know nothing. On the other hand, we cannot conceive of any reason that can possibly exist in the mind of an Archbishop which ought to outweigh the only real and great consideration of religion and the public good. In any case, we have here a distinct and remarkable instance of the blind eye, and an instance which is long likely to be remembered. A further instance with which we wish particularly to deal in the present article has been offered, and continues to be offered, by our old friend the *Re-Union Magazine*. There can be no doubt that many worthy Christian people and many worthy divines representing a large number of shades of Christian opinion are anxious to bring about what they are pleased to term finally the re-union of Christendom. The fact that the schemes of such persons are entirely on all fours with the schemes of the Socialists, and that the re-union of Christendom means simply theological socialism, and is consequently a dreary and hopeless doctrine, need not concern us. The fact that does concern us is that the leaders of the movement are so possessed and ravished and filled up by their ambition that in spite of all that has been said to them they appear still to be willing to skip nimbly into the pulpit provided for them by Mr. Manning Foster of Greening's, late partner of the Hon. F. W. Manners Sutton, whom "it is impossible for reasonable people to libel," and there to hold forth for re-unionism either gratuitously or at so many guineas a time. As we have previously said, we can conceive that in the beginning the various Bishops, priests, and other ecclesiastics who contributed to the *Re-Union Magazine* were in a position to plead that they knew nothing about Mr. Manning Foster, that the name of the Hon. F. W. Manners Sutton appeared to be a pretty and innocuous name, and that it was not generally known to the intellectual public that the third active commercial person behind the *Re-Union Magazine* was Mr. Hannaford Bennett, who recommended "The Yoke" to Mr. John Long. For saying what we have said here, and rather less than we have said here, a member of our staff was prosecuted at the Old Bailey, and everything that money could do was brought to bear in that Court to ensure the conviction and imprisonment of our Assistant Editor. The prosecution failed; but nobody can deny that it was well advertised throughout the country, and for that matter throughout the English-speaking world, and no man who is in a position to read at all can assert that he does not now know what there is to be known about the persons who are, or were, responsible for the production of Messrs. Cope and Fenwick's wonderful organ. Mr. Manners Sutton, it is true, has ceased to be connected with the firm. Mr. Manning Foster, of Greening's, however, is still there, and Mr. Hannaford Bennett is still there. Indeed, it was with his own lily-white hand that Mr. Hannaford Bennett received our sixpence and handed out to our representative the copy of the April number of the *Re-Union Magazine*



upon which the present writing is based. The contributors to this number of the journal included the following:—

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.  
The Rev. Canon Gregory Smith.  
The Rev. J. C. V. Durell, B.D.  
The Rev. W. Peoples.  
The Rev. Forbes Phillips.  
The Rev. R. F. Borough.  
The Rev. G. H. Doble.  
The Rev. Fynes-Clinton.

We also find amongst persons who favour the *Re-Union Magazine* with correspondence for its April issue Dr. F. W. Groves Campbell and the Rt. Rev. Arnold H. Mathew, Old Catholic Bishop. To impute downright wickedness to any of these gentlemen would, of course, be at once scandalous and foolish, and we make no such imputation. But we do suggest that the presence of their names at the foot of articles or letters in the *Re-Union Magazine* argues that the bearers of those names are each and all possessed of the blind eye, and that they are so eager in the pursuit of their ideals that they have failed to consider what damage may be done to their respective Churches and to religion generally by their association with a magazine which is produced and published under the direction of Mr. Manning Foster and Mr. Hannaford Bennett. We hereby invite his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, together with the Rev. Canon Gregory Smith, the Rev. J. C. V. Durell, B.D., Dr. Groves Campbell, and the Rt. Rev. Arnold H. Mathew ("Old Catholic Bishop") to inform us, either by direct writing or in the columns of the *Re-Union Magazine*, upon what grounds they justify this association. We are willing to go so far as to suppose that they have good grounds, although neither ourselves nor the religious public at large may at the present moment be able to discern them. There can be no possible harm in a statement of those grounds by the persons who hold them, and it seems to us that such a statement is pressingly necessary in the interests of religion. When it suited his purpose Mr. Manning Foster was careful to announce, in large type, in the *Re-Union Magazine* that Mr. Manners Sutton had ceased to have any connection with the journal and with the firm of Cope and Fenwick, of which he was the founder and senior partner. We have asserted that if Mr. Manners Sutton's prosecution of Mr. Crosland had resulted in a conviction, Mr. Manners Sutton would still be a member of the firm of Cope and Fenwick, and that his connection with the *Re-Union Magazine* would have remained. In the circumstances, therefore, it seems to us that the religious public are entitled to some sort of a personal statement from Mr. Manning Foster also. Will he tell us in his own columns upon what grounds, other than the pure grounds of commercialism, he justifies his own connection with the *Re-Union Magazine*, and upon what grounds he justifies the connection of Mr. Hannaford Bennett with the journal? We gather from the present issue that Mr. Manning Foster's theological reviews, and particularly his views on the Invocation of Saints, meet with tender approval from his readers. A correspondent who signs himself "W. W." writes to the *Re-Union Magazine* as follows:—

Will you permit me first of all to thank Mr. Manning Foster for his able and sober paper on this subject (Invocation of Saints)? It is well to be reminded that things are not always what they seem, still less what opponents misrepresent them to be.

We entirely concur, and we must beg of Mr. Manning Foster to give us some indication as to his own present relationship to himself and the paper of Mr. Hannaford Bennett. Our statement of the position is that Mr. Manning Foster is one of the proprietors of the *Re-Union Magazine*, that he is in effect the Editor of the paper, and that he contributes to it reviews and articles on spiritual and religious subjects, and that he is also a shareholder with a director's qualification in Greening and Co., Limited, who are publishers of books which have been described by the Common Serjeant as "undoubtedly obscene." To pin Mr. Foster down to the simplest of points, we will remind him that he once informed us that he had started the *Re-Union Magazine* "out of deep religious conviction." The question therefore arises whether it is out of deep religious conviction that Mr. Manning Foster continues to hold shares in Greening and Co., Limited. If he will tell us himself, or get a Bishop or a Cardinal to tell us for him, that a person of deep religious conviction should derive even so much as sixpence a year profit out of the sale of obscene books, we shall know what it is that Bishops and Cardinals and Mr. Manning Foster mean when they speak of deep religious conviction. We say that no man possessed of a grain of self-respect, much less of a scruple of deep religious conviction, would permit himself to take such profits. And we say that when dignitaries of the Church associate their names and their writings with the name and writings and publications of such a man, the inference to be drawn is not an encouraging or pleasant inference. With regard to Mr. Hannaford Bennett, we say that in the beginning of things, and during the months immediately prior to the publication of the first number of the *Re-Union Magazine*, while Mr. Manning Foster was at Monte Carlo, he, Bennett, had the arrangements of that publication and of the general publications of Messrs. Cope and Fenwick under his immediate hand. We say that he still has to do with the production and management of the *Re-Union Magazine*, even if he does not contribute to it, and we say also that he has admitted that he passed "The Yoke" for publication by Mr. John Long, and that any man who could pass such a book for publication must either be devoid of religious conviction or possessed of religious conviction of a peculiar and disgraceful kind. During the whole course of our campaign against the *Re-Union Magazine* and those associated with it, we have received but one letter in which the smallest attempt was made to justify the parties. The letter in question was sent to us by a clergyman who had contributed to Mr. Manning Foster's journal, and the writer defended himself by claiming that he was unacquainted with the circumstances at the time of sending his contribution, and he attempted to justify Mr. Manning Foster and Mr. Hannaford Bennett, by suggesting that their association with the *Re-Union Magazine* was to be taken as an indication that their minds were now set on higher things, and that they had, in fact, "turned over a new leaf." We should be quite glad to believe that this is so, and we sincerely hope that it may be so. But how are we to believe it in the face of the fact that up to the other day, at any rate, Mr. Manning Foster still held his shares in Greening's—shares, by the way, paying a dividend of 33 per cent.—that he has not publicly renounced interests in that firm or his interests in such improper books as they may have published, and that Mr. Hannaford Bennett has not publicly announced, or in any other way suggested, that the days of his recommendation of undesirable works of fiction are past and done, and that for the future he proposes to consecrate himself to holy things? There can be no question what-

ever that our attacks upon Cope and Fenwick, in their capacity of publishers of religious books, and as publishers and direct or indirect proprietors of the *Re-Union Magazine*, have been properly founded. In the course of these attacks, and in the course of our campaign against immoral literature generally, we have had to write what might have appeared to be serious libels. We condemned "The Yoke," and its publisher Mr. Long, in no measured terms. There was outside talk about actions for libel, but we were never so much as served with a writ, and ultimately "The Yoke" was stopped by the police. We attacked Messrs. Greening, who demanded apologies, and threatened libel actions. We have continued to repeat the words of which Messrs. Greening complained, and Messrs. Greening, for their part, have "taken it lying down." They have whined in the press about not having had an opportunity of clearing their names, but they have been extremely careful to refrain from availing themselves of the manifold opportunities we have given them for taking action against us for libel. Their writ remains unissued, our apology remains unwritten, and we are still willing and anxious in the public interest to meet Messrs. Greening in the Law Courts as soon as ever they like. With regard to Cope and Fenwick, Mr. Manning Foster, Mr. Hannaford Bennett, and their ex-colleague, the Hon. F. W. Manners Sutton, we have never said a single word which we did not believe to be true, and which we could not back up with abundant evidence. For the moment Mr. Manners Sutton is out of it. Mr. Manning Foster and Mr. Bennett remain. If we have misrepresented them or misrepresented the facts concerning them in the smallest way we shall be glad to hear from them. In any case, we have given them ample opportunity and ample grounds upon which to base any steps which they might deem it advisable to take. But they know perfectly well that if they had all the money in the world at their backs, and all the most able members at the bar at their command, they cannot dispute the facts with any hope of success. And while those facts remain, and while Messrs. Cope and Fenwick and the *Re-Union Magazine* remain, it seems to us desirable that the public, and particularly the religious public, should not be allowed to blunder along in absolute ignorance of what is taking place. Mr. Manning Foster and Mr. Bennett have a journal of their own in which they can defend themselves if they have a defence. If they have no defence the religious persons who support them ought most certainly to consider their position.

## REVIEWS

### BRITISH INDIA

*Administrative Problems of British India.* By JOSEPH CHAILLEY, translated by SIR WILLIAM MEYER, K.C.I.E. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

#### SECOND NOTICE.

##### BOOK II.—BRITAIN'S INDIAN POLICY.

M. CHAILLEY begins his second book with the study of a Native Policy. Some would ask why governments should differentiate, and so specially define the policy pursued towards the subject race—are not their preoccupations identical with ours? He replies that such identity is superficial, and that the fundamental differences between Europeans and Orientals need special treatment. He suggests as the two main objectives of a native policy: Firstly, to induce natives, of their own free will, to furnish labour at a moderate wage for the enterprise of Europeans; secondly, so to shape government to their needs and prejudices that the bulk of the population accept the rule of the Sovereign Power. It has been the good fortune of British administrators that they have been able to restrict themselves mainly to this second aspect of native affairs.

There has been no colonisation of India. When the Civil and Military services are excluded, there are less than 90,000 Europeans in the whole peninsula, and no considerable British agricultural interests except the tea and coffee plantations of Assam and the Nilgiris. A contrast to our Anglo-Indian system is found in Java, where there is a much larger proportion of Dutch to Javanese, and the political and social condition of that island is the best argument in support of our Indian policy. With less than 90,000 British among 294 millions of Indians the Indian Government is not too much absorbed by their necessities.

The difficulties of the second aim of a native policy are very great, and are not underrated. Government having persuaded the native that his welfare is their first consideration, must lead him to feel the benefit of foreign rule. More difficult still to arrive at, the conscientious and efficient official must cultivate the power and the will to repudiate and abandon doctrines hitherto accepted, if in application they are found to be mistaken. Thus the subject peoples very gradually and gently may be led to a civilisation once repellent to them by evolution from their own traditions. "Their eyes cannot be opened forcibly, they must be persuaded to see for themselves." With such measure of success does this policy seem to have been pursued that, in spite of dissentients, the millions of India, as a rule, understand that they owe security, order, and justice to British rule, and that, if they changed masters, they would probably change for the worse. And so we read: "That is why, in spite of what has been said on the other side, the British Raj in India remains firm. If it is shaken, it will not be from within." We sincerely hope that M. Chailley is a true prophet. We can face anything from without, if we are sound within.

The Native States in India vary in size and wealth as their rulers do in character and education. Hyderabad has 83,000 square miles, 11 million inhabitants, and a revenue of 36 million rupees, and 5½ million occupy the 29,000 square miles of Mysore, the State so bound up with French Oriental history "from Louis XIV. to Buonaparte," while some of the lesser Princes rule territory no larger than a parish, and dispose of revenues that do not exceed the income of a comfortable country living. Nearly a third of India is occupied by the Native States. M. Chailley reflects that "a domain consisting of 700,000 square miles, with 62½ million inhabitants, with a revenue of 2½ crores of rupees . . . offers natural temptations to annexation," but he owns that the policy pursued for the last half-century has been in the opposite direction—rather to maintain and consolidate the power of the Native Princes—sometimes even to re-establish it.

"There was a time when the British power in India was very insignificant, and was lost among the mass of petty chiefships." Its development and rise is traced until to-day it extends from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya, from Burma to Beluchistan. In the early days of last century the policy of England in India was rather restrictive, but "never did the British annex so much as when they had decided to annex no more." And the Mutiny of 1857 is to some extent attributed to the deposition of Native Princes. The King of Oudh's deposition is a generally recognised factor in that cataclysm. But M. Chailley quotes the loyalty of many Native States which largely helped to save the situation. "Had they not existed," he writes, "a huge wave of insurrection would, in an India entirely British, have swept over everything." A reconstruction of native policy, since the Mutiny, has tended to build up and strengthen useful breakwaters. An example of how a Native State has been fostered is given on pages 219 and 220. Mysore was pitifully misgoverned by the Maharajah. He was deposed in 1830 and a British administrator appointed. After fifty years of progress it was restored to the adult heir of the deposed prince, but under stipulations, the most important of which was the separation of State revenue from Civil List. This Maharajah died, and again was succeeded by a minor son. A regency was organised and was entrusted to the Maharani,



supported by a Council of four and a British Resident. The boy was given an English tutor, whose duty it was to teach him what an Indian prince ought to know—games and sport not being neglected. His religion was left to his family. But home tutelage is no longer the ideal, and Chiefs' Colleges have been instituted with qualified success. And to show some result from them, we read on page 226 a pronouncement by a young Indian Prince. It is an evidence of progress towards an understanding of a ruler's duties and of the art of government, which is encouraging. Lord Curzon's admirable appeal to the Rajput Chiefs' College is given on page 221, but so are the views of some of the Princes of the same Viceroy's open circular addressed to them later. It was an order that they should not leave India without permission, and it caused much heart-burning. M. Chailley places the Princes in three grades of thought, just as in Book I. he did the population. But the two classifications he gives on page 236 are sufficient: The right and left wings—the right wisely conservative while borrowing from the West, the left so blindly progressive that they would "soon leave nothing of the India of the past." The author's hope and belief is in the cry: Moderate young India (Princes and peoples) to the fore. Meanwhile, real progress is shown, notably in education and public works. As an example of the latter, in Jaipur, under the eye of an eminent English engineer, 63 lakhs have been spent on irrigation since 1904, and the expenditure has produced an increase of revenue of 52 lakhs. The separation of executive and judicial functions in some States is nearer realisation than in British India; while Mysore and Baroda are said to be ahead in dealing with infant marriages. The chiefs ask to be given a little bit longer rein and to be allowed to learn sometimes from their own mistakes. They ask to be treated with more sympathy. M. Chailley cannot find any vast evidence of Indian public opinion to support them. The loyalty evinced at Queen Victoria's death is again extolled, and is prettily illustrated on page 275: A condemned murderer's life was spared on condition that he prayed to God for the safety of the dying Queen.

Forty pages are devoted to the Tribes and Chiefs of Burma, and most of this space to the principal groups of Upper Burma. They are the Chins, Kachins, Shans, and Karennis. Here M. Chailley makes a special appeal to his French readers for their sympathy, for in French Indo-China identical problems present themselves. With the happiest results our two frontiers march together for over fifty miles. The physical features of the country are graphically described, and the climate, which presents great contrasts, from a stagnant damp heat in the plains to a bracing atmosphere in the hills, which has suggested European colonisation to some—deprecatd by M. Chailley. Very crude people make up these four clans. An interesting study is offered of the economic conditions and the varying degrees of lack of civilisation in which they live, and of their characteristics. A striking sketch of the silent Kachins is found on page 268. The acquisition of this country is briefly related. We are told how the Shan States forced their annexation on Britain, "never in a hurry to take actual possession of territories which they think cannot escape them." Parenthetically we may say, though, that British action in Upper Burma was not delayed by the French approach to those frontiers. Here M. Chailley gives his blessing to the *native policy* which has been applied, and he puts himself in entire sympathy with its instruments. In Burma it has been based on pacification. "The English excel in the art of pacification." And this text is elaborated with dry humour (p. 277); for the political officer was generally accompanied by a military column. The principal tranquillising influences have been public works and hygiene. The engineer and the doctor have penetrated hand in hand. The forms of government found among these barbarians have been used. Their traditional hierarchy has been maintained and strengthened, and the chiefs have been educated by travel. The coming ruler has been thought of, too, and their Chiefs' Colleges have been an unqualified

success. But M. Chailley deprecates the parsimony which obtains in the administration. No sufficient money is forthcoming for public works. The civil official is not well paid, and has vast responsibilities. He is always on the move. It is a peripatetic administration. Against that he has nothing to say, but he does urge (probably quite rightly) that officials should remain longer in their districts. The Upper Burman knows not England or India, but he knows the face and the temper of the white man who represents both. However, M. Chailley shrugs his shoulders with the Indian and Burmese Governments who think that "new countries can wait," and that it is desirable to spend the money available where the returns will be largest.

"The British do nothing by halves!" Thus, after a very generous tribute to British character and conduct in the sphere of law, does M. Chailley qualify his statement that colossal errors have been made, and he ends his paragraph in these words: "one is led to ask whether any other nation would have done better, or would even have sought to avoid the mistakes committed." A legal mechanism is shown us in working order, and if sometimes "the Law has been in advance of the peoples, the peoples are marching to overtake the Law." In sixty pages we read of the progress of law-making in India, from the Charter of Elizabeth of 1601, to Clive's time, to Warren Hastings, until the Criminal Law was codified in 1861. The earlier merchants lived in a state of extra territoriality in their factories and settlements, and as the company extended its borders the exceptional legal status of the white man placed him on a pedestal synonymous with high caste. Then it was perceived that English laws had no fitting place among the races of India, so they were left to their own laws and courts, and so personal law became the rule which leavens the Indian Code in application to this day. But, with extended empire, laws that were applicable to Indians and Europeans alike became a necessity. Lord Macaulay was one of the first Legal Members of the Governor-General's Council, and he was president of a Legal Commission which laid the foundation-stone of the Indian Penal Code of 1861—and the principle on which Macaulay strove to re-cast Indian legislation was "uniformity when possible, variety when it is necessary, but in any case certainty." M. Chailley dissects the Penal Code and the Codes of Procedure, and shows good reasons why no complete Civil Code has yet been produced, chief among which is that much that is fruit for litigation is left to caste rules and religious laws. The qualities of elasticity and adaptability to local needs and sentiment are freely conceded, and so it may be hoped that the Indian peoples have obtained laws which are on the whole an acceptable compromise between "the rapid simplicity of Oriental despotism and the minute and costly guarantees of Western freedom." The procedure, though, is severely criticised by many Government officials as too complicated, slow and costly. The legislative assemblies are analysed with their progress and composition, and there is laid bare what amount of effect can be assured to their deliberations and conclusions. It must be confessed that there is no absolute certainty of any effect from the most prolonged deliberations and the most convinced conclusions. The air is full of Vetoes—Veto of the Governor-General-in-Council, of the Secretary of State, he again impelled or curbed by Imperial Parliament. When the chapter closes the Governor-General's Council is sitting, and we are left with the impression that India still has the government which Macaulay described—"an enlightened despotism." From Law to Justice is another inevitable step, but M. Chailley makes a stepping-stone of a truism when he writes: "After the difficulty of enacting good laws comes the difficulty of finding good judges." It is one which cannot be overrated. For though good lawyers can be found in numbers in England, they are placed in India in a new atmosphere, and they find there the hearts of men hard to read. Good English lawyers, too, are costly. That is one of the difficulties experienced in filling

the Bench overseas. M. Chailley credits Britons with the earnest will to secure justice to their subject peoples, and, further, with the courage to proclaim that the interests of their rule must on occasion take precedence of abstract justice. That is the prelude to a history of the judicial organisation in the course of which he goes with measured pace over much of the ground skipped over in the previous chapter. It is all interesting. Then there is traced how the country became grouped into judicial centres, and the *special aspect* of administration of justice in every portion of the country is considered and exemplified. The cantonment magistrate, for example, in military stations. The ideal of expeditious and cheap as well as just Courts for India has not been reached, and the failure is excused, for cheapness and expedition would mean constant litigation with fatal results, and delays remain long and costs great. We are shown the magistrate and judge at work in a local court in the Deccan or Punjaub, p. 424, and much is said about the variable evidence brought before such courts—and the almost impossibility of penetrating it. M. Chailley recommends a reconsideration of Lord Dalhousie's instructions to the Commission who organised the newly conquered Punjaub in 1849. Two Lawrences served on it. That great Viceroy's words support M. Chailley's appeal for less involved methods—more rapid and less costly.

And then for the depressing question of education. It wants all of the open mind which M. Chailley can bring to its discussion. He credits England with having realised the point of honour which demands the extension to all her subjects of such education as is fit food for them. The question of what they can digest is the all-important one, and how and by what instructors knowledge is to be imparted—whether by Englishmen or by Indians, whether in English or in the vernacular. Of primary schools, a school inspector is quoted who remarks that the children are much more intelligent out of school than in it. Their education is too remote from them. Lord Curzon's exertions and influence on secondary education are appreciated (p. 497), the most sensible of which are that English should be the educational medium in the higher classes only, and that education should be practical, and less dependent on the requirements of the universities. The description of collegiate education is not cheerful reading. Nor is the letter from the Calcutta University by Dr. Garfield Williams, published in the *Times* of the 5th inst., on the same subject. Lord Curzon's Indian Universities Act of 1894 is hoped to become a panacea for many ills. M. Chailley is not very hopeful as to its results.

In his final chapter, "Share of Indians in Administration," M. Chailley once more travels through the history of the past. His retrospect is not halting, and his conclusions seem just. They are that education must be preserved, but reformed. Rulers are not necessarily formed by competitive examinations, a system repugnant to the best element in India. The Mussulman Councils, too, should be trusted and trained to legislate. He appeals to the British Government to rest on the Princes, on the aristocracy, on wealth and on the different religious creeds, using, too, modern science and traditional experiences. Then he thinks that "it might maintain its dominion as long as that is judged to be for the interests of India and for its own glory."

We have seldom reviewed a work of more careful research or one more consistently inspired by sympathy and fair-mindedness. M. Chailley is writing for his own countrymen, to most of whom India is a far cry and a very foreign country. Our fellow-countrymen who have toiled there, and are now there toiling, could not wish for a more generous interpreter. The method of compartments has been consistently followed, and so the same ground has been travelled over several times, but each time following a new thread, and so one does not weary of it. At times the French mentality is very obvious. There are no more logical thinkers than our French neighbours. But, perhaps, they expect more

logical results than in practice the inaccurate accomplishment of human nature will render probable. M. Chailley frankly owns that nearly all the faults that he finds in India have been proclaimed by the Government itself, and by its servants, and this leaves him wondering why these faults have not been corrected. In most cases he supplies the reason why himself. This book is one that needs careful reading, but it is pure literature and well repays the care.

## THE FIRST INDIVIDUAL

*The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt.* By ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)

AKHNATON, Pharaoh of Egypt, who reigned from B.C. 1375 to 1358, was a person of surprising originality; "the first individual in human history," the first of all human founders of an enlightened monotheistic religion, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. What he achieved is wonderful, considering his early death, for when his body was discovered early in 1907, it was evident that it was that of a man about twenty-eight years of age. Mr. Weigall's book is written partly to explain the significance of the discovery of the body and tomb (the full account of which has not yet been published), partly to bring before us a picture of the world's first idealist, and his religious resolution. In the early years of his reign, the boy-Pharaoh attempted to check the power of the priesthood of Amon; as a man of some twenty years of age he turned his thoughts to the development of his religion, the worship of the Aton. He proclaimed God to be a life-giving intangible essence, a god of love. "Thy rays encompass the lands," in the words of his hymn. "Thou bindest them with Thy love." The God listens "when the chicken crieth in the egg-shell," and finds pleasure in causing "the birds to flutter in the marshes," and "the sheep to dance upon their feet." The contemplation of Nature was more to Akhnaton than ceremonies, and he has something of the tenderness of St. Francis to all living creatures. "Ye ask who are those that draw us to the kingdom if the Kingdom is in heaven? The fowls of the air and all the beasts that are under the earth, or upon the earth, and the fishes in the sea, these are they which draw you, and the kingdom is within you." "There is no poverty for him who hath set Thee in his heart." But his ideas were far beyond and above the capacity of his age to understand. Aton was the Lord of Peace; therefore Akhnaton made no war, and refused to defend his own possessions, with the result that, in the space of a few years, Egypt was reduced from a world-power to a petty State. History tells us that Akhnaton died when his empire fell, and the religion of Aton did not survive him.

"Thus disappeared the most remarkable figure in early Oriental history," writes Brasted; "there died with him such a spirit as the world had never seen before;" and shortly after his death the priests of Amon-Ra began openly to denounce him as a heretic and a criminal. They even opened his sepulchre and erased the name "Akhnaton" cut upon the gold ribbons which passed round the mummy, and upon the coffin of the man "born out of due time." Mr. Weigall has given an interesting and picturesque sketch of this solitary and ineffectual figure in history.

## LIBRARY REMINISCENCES

*Thirty-three Years' Adventure in Bookland.* By DAVID CUTHBERTSON. (Elliot Stock. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is a matter for wonder what Ibn-i-sarru, the first known librarian, or even Asshurbanipal, who had a magnificent library at Nineveh, would have thought had their patrons been imbued with modern tastes and desires. Seeing that fiction was conspicuous by its absence on the shelves of



the libraries in those ancient times, they, no doubt, as sound patrons of literature, would have been highly incensed by a community, calling itself educated, in its preference for rubbish rather than wholesome intellectual diet. With all the vast facilities given to modern humanity by its free libraries, it is a question whether the popular mind of the present day moves under a higher force of intellect than it did in the days of Ibni-sarru or Assurbanipal. There are, of course, exceptions, as Mr. Cuthbertson discovers, but in a truly popular sense the acquisition of free libraries has not been attended with any general advance of mental characterisation. Judgment must therefore be passed to the effect that free libraries, as an educational force, have been rank failures up to the present; for, where certain cases may be held to stand as exceptions, these exceptions are by no means the outcome of any popular craving or desire for learning or enlightenment. In one library where the author acted as an assistant, he places the proportion of novels read at 80 per cent. of the works issued. And when one considers what kind of mental nourishment such reading is mainly composed of, one cannot wonder at the appalling inability of a professedly cultured democratic age to cope with matters which demand a highly educated or broadly intellectual sense of control. Mr. Cuthbertson even quotes a case, which by no means may be said to form an extreme one, of a man who, for years, read nothing else but novels. These he used to read at the rate of twelve volumes per week, which ultimately so affected his mind that he had to be attended by a keeper, and spent his last days in an asylum. There are hundreds of people, if the truth were known, who have become victims of mental degeneracy through a like fatuous craving for light and trashy literature. Again, apart from the wholly unprofitable, not to say depraved, form of the popular taste, there remains the deplorable fact of popular carelessness and even wilfulness in the use of the books borrowed by it.

"Many of the works issued," says the author, "appear to be read with dirty and unwashed hands, doubtless propped against a soup-plate, butter or ham dish, so as to receive a share of the contents intended only for the mouth of the reader. Many books are kept in circulation which should, on health grounds alone, be pitched into the fire with a pair of tongs; and many books which I have borrowed myself are instantly covered with paper on account of their state, and hands washed after perusal." He proceeds to state further that "some books bear traces of being worried by dogs; some of the boards are scratched by the claws of pet cats, etc." For the benefit of these meritorious book-lovers, the author would recommend the reading of Mr. J. W. Clark's work on "The Care of Books."

Many humorous and highly amusing stories are told in connection with books and their borrowers. One borrower, a clergyman, desired to obtain a book which the assistant, after much labour, failed to discover in the catalogues. The name of the work, as supplied by the reverend gentleman, was "Wait a Minute." Under the circumstances he found waiting was entirely out of the question, but, curiously enough, he returned to the library the next day to inform the assistant of his mistake. The proper name of the book was: "In a Moment; or, Narratives of Sudden Conversion."

Here is a joke on the part of a young hopeful who was attending a class where the male students were ranged on one side of the room and the female students on the other. Amid a sudden hush this young wit was heard to say: "This is an awfully jolly game. All the gentlemen must stand on one side of the room, and the ladies must stand opposite to them. The gentlemen are heathens, and the ladies are Christians, and when I count three, the heathens will embrace Christianity."

There is also a highly pathetic story of privation on the part of a poor scholar. It is said of him that he used to make desperate attempts to capture his landlady's cat, in order to transmit warmth, by placing it on his chest, into

his own starved and half-frozen body. The little work is well worth notice, if only for the value of its observations during a library experience of thirty-three years.

## FICTION

*That Is To Say.* By "RITA." (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"THAT IS TO SAY" is a book of short stories of very slender interest. The word "story" may, perhaps, suggest some germ of a plot—or at the worst some puzzle or mystery; but there is nothing of this here. Rita's stories are a record of simple situations, each with the inevitable "love-interest." They have the appearance of having been produced for the cheap illustrated magazines. The style is conventional. Rita's guardsmen "drawl," because Ouida's guardsmen drawl; and a man of the world who meets a girl whom he has not seen for many years expresses himself thus: "My little wild rose is transformed into a hot-house bloom."

*King and Captive.* By A. WHISPER. (Blackwood, 6s.)

"KING AND CAPTIVE" is a story of 1342 B.C., and of the fortunes of Nefert, a dancing girl and street waif, who is picked up by Seti Meremptah, Pharaoh of Egypt. She becomes his slave, his washer of feet. But soon, as, according to the author, "there is no really great man who has not loved," Nefert "stretches out the pure hands of her soul across the social gulf between them," and becomes Seti's favourite. Perhaps the graceful anonymity of "A. Whisper" is to be explained by the astounding grammar of the author, who has evidently studied Egyptology before English. Here are a few peculiar passages: "See that thou keepeth thy own counsel" (p. 89). "Till he who gavest it bids me take it off, it shall stay where it is." (p. 68). "I have never heard thee sware before" (p. 252).

## AL YAZIJI

AL YAZIJI is the master spirit of "An Nahdat UI Arabiya," which may be termed the Arabian Renaissance. In the great revival of the Arabic language and literature that marked the last century Syria had the honour of leading the way, but in that constellation of great writers and poets Al Yaziji's star stands highest, outshining them all in purity and brilliancy of lustre. He is a resuscitated spirit of the golden classic age. His masterpiece, "Al Maqamat," with its purity and richness of diction and its purely classic cast, looks as if it were a discovered legacy of one of the old Arab geniuses that have made the Arabic language and literature rank in a way amongst the most perfect of the world. Indeed, Yaziji has the mentality of the Arab pure and unalloyed, and he stands as a remarkable embodiment of the phenomenon of the triumph of heredity over environment, and this is clearly evidenced by the nature of his works. In his masterpiece of prose, "Al Maqamat," and in his poetry as well as in his numerous works on grammar, prosody, and rhetoric, the Arab's intellect is displayed without the least reflection of European colouring. There we find that intellect warm and lively, which has accomplished so much in the domains of metaphysics and poetry, and contributed to the perfection of the Arabic language as an instrument for the expression of higher thought, despite the primitive features and monotonous simplicity of the early civilisation of the race; but which unfortunately has oftentimes wasted itself in useless subtleties and the creation and solution of abstruse grammatical problems and rhetorical and poetical "tours de force," which recall in a certain sense the age of Dryden and Pope. And Al Yaziji's genius manifested itself chiefly along these lines of mental activity. Indeed, he has—if we may say so—out-Orientalised the Oriental in these marvels of intellectual

subtleties. He is said to have vowed unto himself to surpass Al Hariri, and if he has not perhaps realised his ambitious dream in so far as the prose of his "Maqamat" is concerned, he certainly has excelled in poetry. He has composed fourteen verses which retain self-same form and meaning when reversed, a remarkable feat which no poet has ever accomplished. This versatility was instinctive in him, and was a native element of his intelligence. Rhythm and rhyme were forms in which ideas shaped themselves in his brain. He sang Qerradi (a kind of doggerel) with impromptu ease before he had the least notions of prosody, and when, indeed, he was but a child. He was particularly able in the composition of what may be termed the "commemorative verse," the letters of which have a certain numerical value, and the total of which gives the date to be commemorated. It is well known as "At Taareekh." He used to compose this and a kindred form of verse with unusual ease, hence the felicity of the result, for the construction and meaning dovetail as it were with natural harmony and without the least trace of artificial effort. One of his inventions in prosody is what he called "Atel Ul 'Atel," which represents verses composed entirely of undotted letters, the spelling of which is in dotless letters also. When it is remembered that the undotted letters in the Arabic alphabet are only eight, the intellectual "tour de force" involved in such a composition is realised. Al Yaziji has, moreover, performed the unique feat of composing verses of praise which turn into satire when read in the reverse. It is almost sad to reflect over the vast amount of mental energy that has been wasted by the Arab mind for ages in such sterile themes that have contributed so little to the development of the elements of the beautiful and really artistic in poetry and literature. And Al Yaziji was not only essentially Arabian in cast of mind, but also in his ways and manner of living. He seemed to be refractory to foreign influence, and while his contemporaries were passing through the transitory stage of modern civilisation and were being moulded by the conquering hand of reformed Europe, he kept within his Arabian shell. He wore till the end of his days the turban of ample folds and the flowing robe. It was apparently beyond his nature to adapt himself to European ways and manner of thinking and living. His witty description in doggerel verse, "Qerradi," of the European table, with its paraphernalia of forks, knives, etc., is an interesting and quaint document reflecting characteristically the strong Arabian cast of his nature. While composing he would squat on a square, flat cushion, with a small Damascus table before him bearing the utensils for the preparation of coffee and the indispensable Syrian pipe, "chibuk." So strong was the tobacco and coffee habit in him that he could not work without these stimulants, and one of his contemporaries relates that there were in his study-room about half a dozen of these cushions with the tables of coffee accessories; and beside each of them lay a litter of manuscripts and books on special subjects evidently for facility of reference; and he would thus systematically work, passing from one cushion to another as the subject required, sipping his coffee and smoking his chibuk the while.

Al Yaziji played such a distinguished part in the reformatory movement known as An Nahdat Yl Arabia that he provoked in certain Moslem quarters a deep fanatical jealousy, for the purity of the language is intimately associated with the Koran, the solitary foundation of Islam, and since the sacred Book consecrated the Arabian tongue the Moslems have been the jealous guardians thereof. With the fall of the Arab dynasty and power the language outside Arabia proper was bastardised by the invasion of foreign elements, and it was only natural that during the period of decadence Islam should regard with unconcealed jealousy the rising of the apostle of reform of the sacred tongue among the infidel nations. Fanatical Moslems thought it such an immense pity that Al Yaziji was a Christian. There is a proverb that very aptly illustrates this jealousy with which Islam regards the sacred treasure of its language. It runs thus: "Deliver us (O Allah!) from three evils—a Moslem that

drinks, a Jew who retracts his faith, and a Christian that seeks the attainment of grammatical erudition." As has just been said, grammar and kindred subjects had a high position in the intellectual life of the Arabs. The importance given to these subjects was absurdly exaggerated.

Severe were the polemics with which Al Yaziji was aggressively attacked by some of the Moslem Ulemas of Beyrout, but the tolerant and sensible among them finally lavished praise upon him. His peaceful tendencies and his great goodness elicited for him at the end universal esteem and affection. Indeed, Al Yaziji's name is often quoted as the only Arabic poet and writer of note who never uttered a satirical verse, be it in attack or retaliation. His popularity and fame were such that a multitude of 10,000 persons walked behind his coffin.

Sheikh Nassif Al Yaziji was born in the year 1800 in the village of Kefershime, at the base of the southern range of Mount Lebanon, whither a part of the Yaziji family emigrated from Hems in the year 1690, in consequence of persecution. Education being at the time chiefly confined to the clergy, he acquired the rudiments thereof at the hands of a father Matta, of the village of Beit Shebab, Mount Lebanon. His father, Abdullah, was a well-known physician of the old school of Ibn Sina, and possessed, moreover, the poetic talent, although, owing to the nature of his occupation, he had few occasions to exercise it. The son, therefore, grew up in an intellectual atmosphere, and it is said that at as early an age as ten he started composing poetry, and poetry of a fairly high order.

There being at the time but a very limited number of printing presses in Syria and Egypt, and these of a primitive character, books, especially of a scientific and otherwise valuable nature, were very scarce and not easily obtainable; and the young Sheikh had therefore to store in his wonderful memory what books he could lay hands on or copy in his beautiful Persian handwriting. He was endowed with a naturally powerful memory, and with the constant call upon the exercise of it this intellectual faculty in him attained a marvellous development. It is said that in composing poetry he often would not write the verses one by one, but would first cast several in the correct poetic form in his brain, then jot them all at once on paper. During his last illness he once dictated eighteen lines of verse at a time. It is, moreover, related that he composed his "Al Maqamat Yl Yamamiya" while riding with his family from Beyrout to Bhamdoun, his summer resort—a distance of about 15 miles—and that on arrival he put the whole chapter down on paper.

He knew the Koran by heart and an infinite mass of poetry, and more particularly that of Al Mutanabbi, for whom he had a sort of hero-worship. He used to say that he (Al Mutanabbi) stalked high in the firmament, while the other poets crept on the earth. And as a matter of fact we find Al Yaziji's poetry strongly imbued with the spirit of the great Arabic poet in whom the didactic and philosophic elements are predominant. Al Yaziji rarely indulged in the lyric form, but where he did his lyrics were tender in the extreme.

Apart from his "Maqamat" and his poetical works, he has written over a dozen books on grammar, logic, prosody, rhetoric, etc., representing condensed text-books and unabridged editions of these respective subjects. For school use these books have hardly been surpassed. In his compendium, "Fasl Ul Khutab," on grammar (Sarf and Nahu) the concision and terseness are such that no word can be struck off or replaced. He has also collaborated largely in the composition of the well-known encyclopædic dictionary, "Muhit Ul Muhit," of the well-known compiler Boutros Bustani, as may be seen from the profusion of quotations, to illustrate the meaning, from Al Mutanabbi and Al Hariri, whose writings he almost knew by heart. Having addressed a eulogistic poem, of which each line was a Tareekh, to the Sultan Abdul Aziz, he won the Imperial favour by the publication of part of his works at the expense of the Sovereign's own treasury.

In his last days, despite the ominous development of a



hemiplegia, that carried him off after two years of partial immobility, he undertook the composition of a commentary on the poetical works of Al Mutanabbi, with full explanatory notes on the abstruse passages; but death in 1871 interrupted the useful career of this remarkable and indefatigable genius. His son Sheikh Ibrahim, with whom his unfortunate progeny became extinct, worthily carried up the father's light until his death last year. Although less prolific and powerful, yet in perfection of style and depth of erudition, and what may be called the technique of the Arabic language, he, as a later link in the evolutionary scale, did, in a sense, improve on the father. Sheikh Ibrahim completed the unfinished commentary of his distinguished parent and published it in 1882 under the title of "Al 'Arf Ut Tayieb Fi Sharh Diwan Abut Tayieb." C. N. T.

## PENTHEUS

ARE there any who do not know Pentheus, the harsh and surly tyrant in the "Bacchæ," who laid rude hands upon a god? Well might he wonder who was that long-haired, bright-cheeked stranger, with the charm of Aphrodite in his eyes, who came disturbing the peace of his kingdom, and leading the young women away to join profitless and presumably sinful dances on the dappled hills. What would happen meanwhile to the palace looms, and to the cloth industry of Thebes? The stranger was the god Dionysus, who once himself had died, as Osiris, as Attis died, in order that his second birth might benefit mankind. Born again, he gave men wine, without which, as the messenger says in the play, "there is no love nor any other pleasant thing left upon earth." But how should Pentheus know this? He was a man who hated all nonsense, and was not given to dancing or to drink. A religious man, no doubt, he was one of those who believe in the moral and social advantages that religion confers, and was not over-interested in miracles and myths. It is hard to persuade a man of sense that you are an angel. The voice of Bromios, the earthquake and the fire that bring his house about his ears, pain but do not mystify his practical mind. The fire from heaven is a regrettable accident, extinguishable by buckets: the stranger always was a clever, cunning fellow. But when Pentheus hears that his own mother has joined the revellers, and that the Mænads have driven the peasants before them and are approaching the very gates, he falls into a panic, and at once, honest fellow that he is, appeals to the military and calls out the police. It is then that a curious thing happens. The stranger turns his deep love-eyes upon Pentheus, with no loving intent, and transforms the Tyrant's soul. He begins to long for a sight of those doings on Kithairon, if only to spy them out and make better dispositions for his raid. In this spirit Mr. Stead goes to the theatre, or a Methodist to Monte Carlo. Dazzled by the clear glance of the god, Pentheus begins to make himself ridiculous. The tempting treacherous stranger decks him out as a woman and leads him through the city, the mock of his people. As he draws near Kithairon he too feels the ecstasy, but he is always Pentheus. His madness is but a drunken parody of mystical exaltation. He dances clumsily; he sees two suns, two city gates, and the god like a bull before him. He cries out that his faith can remove literal mountains; he loosens his belt and his gown goes all awry. The cruel god laughingly ties it up for him. It is a little wrong by the right foot, says Pentheus, with superb fatuity; but the other side is perfectly correct. Then, suddenly, the ludicrous man becomes puffed up with pride at his own audacity. He will be quite wicked, and see what those naughty girls are doing, dancing in the night. Disaster fell swiftly on his head. When they came to the place appointed, Dionysus bent down a pine-tree, and sat the poor fool upon its trunk; he is shot up into the air, and

gaping on that eminence of the branches, becomes conspicuous to all. A voice commands the women, who, led by Agave, the mother of Pentheus, rush forward and root up the tree with their white arms. Pentheus falls. Death makes him tragic. "Then he flung off his head-dress so that Agave should recognise him, and not kill him. Touching her cheek, he said: 'I am your son Pentheus, mother, whom you bore in Echion's house: pity me and do not kill your son for his sins.'" They foamed at the mouth, and tore him limb from limb. So he died such a death as, according to the dim legend, Dionysus himself died of old.

This is the account of the wise Euripides; but we cannot believe that here was an end of Pentheus. Mr. Frazer would doubtless proclaim him a corn spirit, see in him yet another of the kings who die for their people and are hung upon trees, the fragments of whose lacerated bodies are buried far and wide to fertilise the fields. Perhaps he has said so: it is difficult to remember the myriad examples in the "Golden Bough." In that case Pentheus should be sacrificed afresh every autumn, and revive every spring. But whether this be true or false, I have discovered that Pentheus is immortal, that he has manifested himself many times since those legendary days of Thebes; and, moreover, that he is alive to-day. Many years after, in a land south-east of Hellas, there arose a successor of Dionysus, a preacher of joy. He advised men to stop fasting, to neglect the law, and to honour above all things Love. He prophesied a golden age of happiness and peace. Pentheus, who was ruling at the time, could not stand this. All his philosophic idealism, all his respect for law and custom was outraged by what appeared to him to be a wanton and anarchical subversion of principles that had stood the test of time. Pentheus had his revenge for his old maltreatment. Not he, but the god, was called the Man of Sorrows, not Pentheus hung upon the tree. Now, thought he, I shall have no more of those deep love-eyes. Yet the god rose again, stronger. His servants went forth to mountains and to caves, saw visions and sang hymns, rejoicing in the mystery of their salvation. Cold and heat, stripes and fasting hurt them as little as they hurt the Mænads in the wilderness. Pentheus, finding himself badly worsted, made friends with this new power, as he had made friends with Dionysus. He stipulated that the dancing should be more private, and the Mænads and Satyrs less eccentrically clothed. He relegated the mystic feasts to the seventh day, and arranged that all initiants should be taught their duty to Pentheus. The rest of the week he kept them at the bitter loom. He thus succeeded, being a wise and powerful king, in turning the new religion into a mainstay of his own dominion; and the worshippers began to neglect their deity. There was little joy to be found in his service now that there were no more dances and visions, nothing but an outward correctitude and an inward impurity—for Pentheus had ever been of the tribe of Angelo. A little more than a hundred years ago, a new god began to disturb the Empire of Pentheus, a god of liberty and war, perhaps a new emanation of Mithras the liberator, who also wore the red Phrygian cap. Pentheus pleaded for his life, since he found the ways of this new disturber short and sharp. "I am a brave man myself," he said; "I am not at all averse to war; indeed, fighting for a just cause is one of my most reasonable occupations; and, as for liberty, why, a constitutional freedom on a sound legal and moral basis has been my ideal for years." The god with the Phrygian cap, however, merely laughed—seven times, perhaps, as the old liturgies say he laughed when the world was made; his servants rent Pentheus into more parts than he ever knew he possessed, and his blood streamed through all Europe. But years have increased his power of resurrection; no one will ever destroy Pentheus now. He finds a northern climate highly beneficial to himself, and thrives better on potatoes and beef than on olives and honey. To-day a new god who finds few devotees in the vast Empire of Pentheus, calls to the tyrant, not taunting him, but trying to woo his favour. "Come out and live, Pen-

theus," he whispers; "leave your ridiculous affairs, your childish politics, your absurd and ugly towns. There are lands where sunlight and music are not yet dead; there are the absurdest poets leading lobsters on strings, and charming all animals by their pleasant ways. The girls are still dancing out in the fields; we have found someone who still knows how to make a garland. Pentheus, come out and live!" Then the old tyrant answers: "My dear sir, I am entirely with you. You must not imagine that in the midst of my more serious occupations I have neglected the interests of art. So impetuous you young divinities are, you know," he continues, with a smile, for he has lost his old surliness and is quite an affable and portly old fellow now. "I need only refer to my art galleries, to the Royal Academies, and to the great efforts I have made to provide all who come to the County Council schools with a sound grounding in English literature, starting with Beowulf, and tracing the gradual development of idealism down to the death of Tennyson."

"Then you might take some interest, sir, in those who are attempting to write at the present day. They have either to add up figures or something incongruous, or else to starve."

"Now, come, come; there's the Civil Service pension. You can't expect me to look on these young men with favour. They don't make one feel better, like Ruskin did. They have such odd manners, too, and may be addicted, for all I know, to drink, and even worse. At all events, one cannot judge a man's work till he is dead. As for your suggested orgies, I should think you might be satisfied with the Pageants that every summer enliven our rural districts."

Then the sad Dionysus of to-day gets wroth, and says to the fool as he said to him of old: "Thou dost not see, thou dost not know that thou livest, nor who thou art."

He replies now as then:

"I am Pentheus, the son of Agave and Echion."

I am Hobson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hobson!

Alas, poor Pentheus. Happily enough you feed on the fat of the land and oppress the people so long as the air does not tremble to the faint echo of a madman's gong.

"What is this folly?" says Pentheus. "I am a rational being; I have a cultivated imagination; I am a respectable member of society; my religion is the religion of all good men. Leave me in peace."

The poor man is right; he is always right. But his well-meaning philanthropy is a grim parody of divine goodness; his paltry cruelty a dim reflection of the divine vengeance that may fall on him yet again; his knock-kneed honour is pale before the blazing glory of our faith. His humdrum days may be pleasant or painful; but he has never tasted of our purple grapes of heavy sorrow, our golden grapes of superhuman joy. Alas! poor Pentheus!

J. E. F.

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

### THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At the Ordinary Meeting on Tuesday, April 5, Mr. R. Elliott-Cooper, Vice-President, in the Chair, the Papers read were "The New Clyde Bridge of the Caledonian Railway at Glasgow," by Donald A. Matheson, M.Inst.C.E.; and "The Queen Alexandra Bridge over the River Wear, Sunderland," by F. C. Buscarlet, Assoc.M.Inst.C.E., and Adam Hunter, M.Inst.C.E. The following are abstracts of these Papers:—

The structural works of the extension of the Central Station at Glasgow are of considerable magnitude, but the outstanding work is, perhaps, the new bridge which has been built over the River Clyde. At the site of the bridge the river is tidal, the range of tide being about 11 feet. The new bridge carries the main part of the extended Central Station yard over the river and the immediately adjoining street on either side—Clyde Place

and Broomielaw Street. There are three spans over the river and quays, and one span over each of the two streets. There are, therefore, two abutments and two piers on land and two piers in the river. The centre river span is 185 feet in the clear, and the north and south river spans are 142 feet and 164 feet in the clear respectively. The span in the clear over Clyde Place is 61 feet and over Broomielaw Street 93 feet. The bridge is altogether 702 feet 6 inches in length, and the width, between the parapet girders, is 114 feet at the middle of the centre span, fanning out to 205 feet wide at the north end, and to 118 feet at the south end. It is believed that there are few railway bridges which are wider than the new Clyde Bridge. The new bridge is situated in close proximity to and west of the old bridge, that is, the bridge which was built in connection with the original Central Station. It carries nine lines of rails at its north end, which converge to eight at its south end; so that, with four lines on the old bridge, there are fully a dozen lines across the river.

The substructure of the new bridge consists of masonry abutments and piers, the latter being composed of a series of cylindrical pillars varying from 15½ feet to 18½ feet in diameter. The abutments of the bridge are brick walls, built on ordinary concrete foundation courses. The pillars of the piers, however, are constructed of composite masonry well distributed by footing courses on concrete monoliths, and consist of red-brick hearting, faced with blue brickwork below low-water level, and with light grey granite above that level. The piers are carried to depths varying from about 40 feet to about 70 feet below high-water level, and are founded on a mixture of sand and gravel. The bottom of the foundation of the southmost river-pier is 110 feet below rail-level, and as the top of the pilaster is about 30 feet above rail-level, the total depth from the top of the pilaster to the bottom of the foundation is about 140 feet. The superstructure of the bridge is of steel, in the form of a series of parallel-flanged, lattice, main girders laid longitudinally, with flooring in the form of troughing laid transversely on the top flanges. The levels of the bottom flanges of the main girders were fixed by statute. They vary from 20.80 feet to 24.30 feet above high-water level. The main girders and flooring are entirely below rail-level, and the surface is ballasted all over to a minimum depth of about 6 inches below the sleepers of the permanent way. In order to allow of the cross-connecting lines and junctions of the station yard being laid in any required position, it was necessary to have an uninterrupted upper surface or flat top on which ballast with the other permanent way could be laid all over. The all-over uninterrupted upper surface or flat top covered with ballast was an imperative requirement, so that the design of the superstructure was governed accordingly. It was, therefore, decided to have no cross girders, but to have longitudinal main girders only, supported on the piers with the transverse flooring resting on the top flanges of the main girders. The character of the superstructure is therefore very simple, and the loads may be said to be transmitted to the abutments and piers almost directly. By reason of the weight of the ballast and the limited depth between rail-level and the underside of the main girders, with the resulting indifferent proportion of the main girders in respect of depth to span, the flanges of the main girders are of necessity large in sectional area, and the girders are consequently heavy, so that the dead weight is very considerable. The loads on the piers are therefore heavy, and, with the resulting necessarily large sectional area of the masonry, the weight at the bottom of the foundations is very great.

The foundations were constructed by sinking large rectangular steel caissons by the pneumatic process. Altogether ten caissons were sunk. The caissons of the river-piers varied from about 48 feet to about 80 feet in length, and they were 23½ feet wide. The working-chamber of each caisson was 8 feet high, and access to it was got by means of shafts, 3 feet 6 inches in diameter. The



caissons of the north and south land piers were sunk to 66½ feet and 70½ feet below high-water level respectively. It was decided to found on sand and gravel, instead of going down to the rock, which was about 92 feet below high water, and that homogeneous sand and gravel at such depths should be assumed to have safely sustaining power to the weight of about 6 tons per square foot, and the areas of the foundations were determined accordingly. A temporary staging was erected across the river, more or less over the entire area of the permanent bridge. The caissons for all the main piers were bolted up and riveted complete in situ directly over their permanent sites. The caissons of the land piers were built on timber beams over excavated trenches, and were lowered into the trenches by means of hydraulic jacks. In the case of the river piers, however, the caissons were built in mid-air, hung from overhead, and were afterwards lowered between certain piers of the temporary staging across the river by means of four hydraulic jacks. The Author then describes the process of lowering the caissons, and the subsequent sinking of them under compressed air, which reached a maximum pressure of about 32 lbs. per square inch. Here special kentledge was not provided, and the caissons were at once loaded with the permanent masonry and sunk by the weight which it afforded. The masonry was built on the caissons as additional weight was needed, and as lowering proceeded. In other words, the concrete was deposited in the caissons, and the masonry of the several pillars of the piers was built simultaneously with the removal of the excavations. The unit cost of the foundation work—that is, the excavations and all kinds of masonry, including the cost of the pillars up to low-water level—was, on the average, £2 15s. 6d. per cubic yard of earth and water permanently displaced. This cost, however, does not include the cost of the steelwork of the caissons, which, if added, would increase the unit cost by about £1 1s. per cubic yard. During the course of the sinking of the caissons, tests were made with the object of ascertaining the bearing value of frictional resistance. The strata in contact were mostly sand and gravel, and the embedded surfaces were of a depth of about 40 feet. Under these conditions the value of the surface friction was ascertained to vary from 3½ cwt. per square foot to 4½ cwt. per square foot, the average of five careful observations being about 4½ cwt. per square foot. The lattice girders of the superstructure are of the Linville type, with parallel flanges and double system of web bracing. They are pivoted on cast-iron bearings. The flooring of the main part of the bridge is Hobson arch-plate flooring laid transversely on the top flanges of the main girders. The girders were built on the temporary staging across the river, so that the erection of the superstructure was a comparatively simple work. The importance of thoroughly waterproofing the structure was fully recognised, and great attention was paid to the proper grading of the surface. There was also consideration of elasticity and rigidity, and having regard to the influence of temperature and vibration on structures of steel, the steelwork portions of the structure are waterproofed with natural rock asphalt, while those of masonry are waterproofed with cement.

The Railway Company were under statutory obligation to the City Corporation in respect of the appearance of the bridge, so that in the design there was regard to the perspective. Endeavour was made to secure effect by the introduction of pleasing lines and by contrast in light and shade, rather than by added ornament; and, without sacrificing economic principle, the several parts of the structure were treated accordingly. The bridge was tested by loading it with locomotive engines in such manner and to such extent as to bring the greatest possible weight on to individual main girders. Nineteen engines were used, weighing in the aggregate about 1,167 tons. The engines were so placed on the lines of rails directly over the girders and immediately adjoining the girders as to load the main girders of the north river-span, the centre river-span, and the south river-span, which are respectively 151 feet, 194 feet, and 173 feet between centres of bearings, with a

uniformly distributed weight to the extent of 330 tons, 400 tons, and 300 tons respectively. The maximum deflections under these loads were ½ inch, ¾ inch, and ¾ inch for the north, centre, and south river-spans respectively, and these results were considered satisfactory. As well as building the new bridge, it was found necessary, in connection with the station scheme, to raise the level of the adjoining old bridge. This raising was effected by means of hydraulic jacks applied to temporary brackets bolted to the end plates of the main girders of the several spans. The Author describes some tests made on the wrought-ironwork of the old bridge. Pieces cut out were found to show no signs of deterioration on test, and this after having been 27 years in existence. The new bridge was designed and constructed under the direction of the Author, with Sir John Wolfe Barry, K.C.B., as Consulting Engineer. Mr. D. McLellan, M.Inst.C.E., acted as Resident Engineer during the earlier part of the work, and was succeeded by Mr. H. Cunningham, Assoc.M.Inst.C.E. The contractors were Messrs. Sir William Arrol and Co., Ltd., Glasgow, and Messrs. Morrison and Mason, Ltd., Glasgow.

The bridge and approaches, which are the subject of the second paper, convey both a road and double line of railway over the River Wear at a point 2½ miles from the Sunderland Harbour entrance. The railway extends from a point near Millfield Station to near the Hylton Colliery, a distance of about 1 mile 55 chains. The roadway is placed below the railway from Havannah Street on the south side of the river to a point on the north side where it crosses Camden Street, and leads up to Mary Street Bridge on the line of the proposed route for the tramways which are eventually to be laid across the bridge. Starting from a point on the Penshaw branch on the south side of the river, the approach railway is laid on embankments, with bridges over the roads which cross under the line. The south approach road is 346ft. long, and rises from Havannah Street towards the main bridge at a gradient of 1 in 44 on several brick arches of about 20ft. span. The steel superstructure for the railway is carried up on the roadway arching, and consists of steel columns placed 12½ft. apart, which carry the cross-girders and decking. The railway superstructure allows a clear headroom of 18ft. above the finished roadway. The north approach is similar to that on the south side.

The main bridge consists of three 200ft. land-spans—one on the south side and two on the north side of the river—and a river-span of 330ft. having a clear headroom of 85ft. at high-water level of spring tides. The massive piers and abutments which support these spans are built of Norwegian granite. The north and south abutments are founded on good stiff clay at a depth of 6ft. and 7ft. below the granite footings. The foundations for river-pier No. 1 were put in by means of a coffer-dam, and for river-pier No. 2 by means of a steel caisson, measuring 63ft. 3in. by 35ft. 3in. by 44ft. deep, both piers being carried to the rock. Pier No. 1 was founded at a depth of 20ft. below high-water level, and Pier No. 2 at a depth of 78ft. 6in. In sinking pier No. 2 by the pneumatic process, the ordinary temporary caisson was dispensed with, and the operation was carried out by the superimposed load of the granite and concrete. The caisson was kept well under control during the whole of the operations, and was sunk practically in its correct position. The total weight on the foundations at the close of the sinking operations was 9,890 tons. All the granite in the piers was built in 1-to-3 cement mortar. Each of the land-spans consists of two parallel main girders, 224ft. long and 30ft. deep, placed 32ft. apart between centres, with a roadway carried from the bottom booms, and a double-line railway track placed between the main girders to allow 18ft. clear headroom above the roadway. The total weight of steelwork in each land-span is 1,400 tons. The river-span consists of two curved-top main girders, 353½ft. long, 30ft. deep at the ends, and 42ft. in the centre. The roadway and railway are placed as in the land-spans. The total weight of steelwork in the river-span is 2,600 tons. The bridge is designed for the following live loads: 1½ tons per lineal foot on each railway track, 1cwt. per square foot on the

roadway, and 100lb. per square foot on the footways, or a loaded vehicle weighing 40 tons on four wheels on the roadway. The maximum stress allowed is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  tons per square inch on the net section. The whole of the superstructure is of mild steel, and hydraulic and pneumatic riveting was used. The workmanship was of the highest class, all holes being drilled through the solid metal without punching or rimming, and all sheared edges of the plates or bars were planed or machined. The girder work was erected in the contractor's yard previous to being dispatched to the site for erection. The land-spans were erected *in situ* on staging formed of three timber trestles supporting temporary girders to form a platform about 4ft. below the level of the bottom booms of the main girders. The highest trestle was 72ft. from ground level. The staging was of a substantial character, and the amount of temporary timber and steelwork used compared very favourably with the quantity used in other large bridges.

The chief interest in the erection centres around the river span, which had to be erected by overhang on account of the conditions obtaining at the site. The proximity of the shipbuilding yards, and the necessity for keeping the river free for navigation, prevented the adoption of any scheme involving the use of staging under the span. After the consideration of various schemes, it was decided to convert the river span temporarily into cantilevers anchored to the land spans, and, by the use of temporary towers and ties, to support the main girders till they reached the centre. This span is the heaviest yet erected by overhang. The general scheme is described under four stages. The first stage was completed when the end-posts, first lengths of the flanges, and first ties and posts were erected, and the temporary ties at the end-posts had been connected with the land and river spans. The second stage was completed when the main girders were built out, and the first inclined temporary ties were stressed and secured. The third stage was completed when the second inclined temporary ties were stressed and secured. The junction of the main girders in the centre completed the fourth stage. The main girders were set a suitable inclination at the beginning of the erection to allow for the deflection during the building to the centre. The temporary towers on the end-posts were pulled back towards the land spans to allow for the stretch of the anchor-ties and the rocking of the end-posts of the river span, which occurred during the various operations of lifting the main girders and stressing the inclined temporary ties. After the first inclined ties were built, a special hydraulic stressing-gear was inserted at a gap, and the ends pulled together sufficiently to allow the temporary ties at the end-posts to be cut out. This same hydraulic apparatus was used for stressing the second inclined ties, and raising the projecting ends of the girders to allow for any further deflection when the girders were built to the centre of the span. The junction at the centre was dependent on the temperature to a large extent, as the main girders moved laterally, longitudinally and vertically from the expansion and contraction of the steelwork. The closing lengths were measured on a dull day when the temperature was 60 deg. F., and the templates were sent to the Contractor's works in Glasgow, where accurate template models of the closing joints had been kept. The steelwork was completely finished with all holes in it, and despatched to the site, where it was rapidly erected, and the closing cover-plates were bolted and secured. The temperature conditions were favourable, and no delay occurred in making the junction secure. During the erection several members of the main girders had to be reinforced on account of the large reversals of stress to which they were subjected. All the temporary ties were bolted at the joints with turned bolts of a driving fit, and several tests of the bolts were made to determine their strength. After the main girders were completely riveted, the temporary ties were relieved of stress to permit of their removal by raising the landward ends of the adjoining land spans about 11 inches. A joint at the bottom of the anchor-ties was unbolted, and the ends of

the girders were lowered back on their bearings. The deflections of the river span during the different stages were carefully computed and compared with the actual results for confirmation. The whole contract took about four years, and was practically completed by March, 1909. The bridge and approach-lines were carried out from the designs and under the supervision of Mr. C. A. Harrison, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., Chief Engineer to the North-Eastern Railway, whose Resident Engineers were Mr. P. Bulmer, M.Inst.C.E., and Mr. F. C. Buscarlet, Assoc.M.Inst.C.E. The contract for the whole of the work was undertaken by Sir William Arrol and Co., of Glasgow, under the personal supervision of Mr. A. S. Biggart, Assoc.M.Inst.C.E. Mr. Adam Hunter, M.Inst.C.E., prepared and supervised the scheme of erection for them.

## CORRESPONDENCE

WALT WHITMAN, INDIVIDUALIST.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I feel that I must apologise for an attempt to intrude upon your space in an entirely personal matter; such, unfortunately, the Whitman discussion has now become. It is obviously useless for me to attempt to argue with Miss Bloch. I have stated in these pages my opinion that Whitman is a great poet. I have given reasons, reservations, conclusions—all fair game for controversy. I have dared to base my claim upon quotation, and to say that those quotations proved the writer of them to be worthy to stand among the Muses' children. All this Miss Bloch ignores, but reiterates her denunciation of Whitman. We are both irreconcilables; and no doubt if a Whitman plebiscite were taken among the followers of letters both of us might find ourselves ranged in a company sufficiently numerous.

But Miss Bloch makes an asseveration against me which I feel impelled to combat, namely, that I am uncritical, unbalanced, feather-minded enough to allow my judgment to be not only affected but permanently influenced by the sound of unfamiliar verse declaimed aloud. I sincerely hope that this is not true.

I have never heard Walt Whitman read supremely—that is still a hope and an ideal of mine. I have heard him read very well, long after I had become familiar with his poetry, under the conditions I described, by a reader with whom I was unacquainted. I had, therefore, no opportunity to find out, indirectly or otherwise, whether this admirer of Whitman's "fearful fiasco" considered that the rendering given had developed sufficiently the emotional quality of the lines. Even a touch of matter-of-factness ruins the effect of an emotional poem; though from the form of hysteria described by Miss Bloch as "a choir-like and church-chant manner," if there be such a thing, may Mnemosyne deliver us! It may be that I am super-conscious of the sheer lyric beauty of the human-speaking voice at its best. The healthy, cultivated masculine voice is naturally full and rich; the cultivated feminine voice is rather clear and light. To take an analogy, necessarily imperfect, the woman's voice in its perfection resembles a violin; the perfect man's voice a violoncello.

Whatever measure of melody the voice may possess, these must normally be its dominant and dividing characteristics. Woman is naturally fitted to read aloud most of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and the little lyrists; man claims most of Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, and Swinburne. Whitman is essentially adapted to a masculine voice; but inevitably, and not always unsuccessfully, both sexes occasionally like to hazard experiments.

I have also had the misfortune to hear beautiful poetry read badly. I cannot say that, even at the time, I loved the poem less. I experienced principally a strong feeling of irritation against the continuing voice, and an equally strong longing to be myself the reader, in order to try and do a little more justice to the poet—doubtless to fail more lamentably, but that is a side-issue.

My picture of a reading was made with an idea of making Whitman converts among the readers of THE ACADEMY. I pictured that, perhaps here and there, someone who had never considered Whitman other than as a lavish writer with an untidy habit of using too many words in a line, might be tempted to try my experiment, and to read Whitman aloud to himself or herself, gasping with the difficulty of the long lines, probably at first quite failing to recognise the charm



of those strange rhythms; but presently seeing the individual quality of that personality so clearly outlined, and presently being discovered—the new listener falling also under the spell. The reading over, then would come the dissection. "Those lines are not poetry," says one. "Fascinatingly characteristic, but not at all poetic," agrees the other, "but see how fine he is here." There is no denying that Whitman is frequently beautiful in patches. This, however, I have already discussed. I am forced to a great deal of recapitulation by the reflection that in all probability my utterances would be quite cryptic without it, since by this time the readers of THE ACADEMY have doubtless forgotten my Whitman letter.

I hope, by the way, that Miss Bloch does not think that the attack upon "Whitman critics" was levelled against her; indeed, I do not think she can have been under this impression, since my observations applied to both sexes, and in another place to critics in general; her professed inability to find any poetry in Whitman was only the final determining factor which decided me to complete the slight study of Whitman, which I had long contemplated. It was in the hope, also, that Miss Bloch and the others might perhaps discover upon re-reading, or even in my quotations, carefully chosen for proselytising, the missing beauty of form and language, much as one may pass a brown butterfly upon a leaf, intent perhaps upon something far more wonderful; but that thing seen, another passer may recall to one's notice a little flying splendour of red and golden light, the brown butterfly who has at this moment spread his wings.

Poetry is meant to appeal to the ear at least as strongly as to the eye. For the perfect enjoyment of poetry it is necessary that it should be reasonably familiar to reader and to listeners. It is certainly desirable that the reader, if he is to enjoy or make enjoyable his delightful task, should have accustomed his tongue to the especial swing of his metre, and few intelligences, however acute, can catch more than the outline significance of a poem at first hearing. For a favourable impression, a first awakening of interest, or even a dispersal of prejudice against any poet, familiarity is perhaps unnecessary.

From the adequate understanding of a poem the lover of poetry naturally wishes to progress to the perfect enjoyment thereof; and in my desire to have all poetry-lovers appreciate their Whitman to the full, I reiterate: Take a darkened room, a masculine personality with a good voice and a sympathetic appreciation of the poem's beauty, and let him read Whitman aloud. Afterwards—a month afterwards, if one prefer, when the glamour of appropriate surroundings may be supposed to have lost its power—let the reader adventure upon the poem by himself and see if the beauty be not visible at last—all the glory that was lightly passed over before the butterfly unfolded its wings.

ETHEL TALBOT.

#### "VOX STELLARUM."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have just received a copy of THE ACADEMY for 19/2/10, and was much amused on reading the letter sent to you by Geo. Phillips under the above heading. May I say in reply, since my book is criticised, that there is no argument either in ridicule or denial. With regard to disbelief Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton writes:—"Of all the weaknesses which little men rail against, there is none they are more apt to ridicule than the tendency to believe. And of all the signs of a corrupt heart and a feeble head the tendency to incredulity is the surest. Real philosophy seeks rather to solve than deny."

Adyar, Madras, India.

March 17, 1910.

ALAN LEO.

#### IT IS ME?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I beg to be allowed to submit the following to "An Old Linguist":—"On disait autrefois couramment: 'Je qui avais,' and one can find in Scarron (Virg. trav., I.V. 1): 'Je qui chantait jadis Typhon.' De cette liberté, il est resté trace dans l'expression consacrée 'Je soussigné.'"

"A la fin du XIIe. siècle, moi prend la valeur de sujet accentué et remplace je. De là: moi, je viens; c'est moi qui viens." Ext. du Cours de Grammaire Historique de Léopold Sudre (pp. 98, 99).

In conclusion, I shall take the liberty to ask "An Old Linguist" how he would account for *Is it I?* in the following

verses, Matt. xxvi., 22, 25, "And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto Him, 'Lord, is it I?' Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said 'Master, is it I?'"

Is there any trace of it is me or is it me? in the Bible?

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS

- Studies in the Marvellous.* By Benjamin P. Kurtz. University Press, Berkeley, California.  
*The Social Calendar, 1910.* Edited by Mrs. Hugh Adams and Edith A. Browne. A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.  
*The Horrors of War in Great Britain.* By Colonel Lonsdale Hale. Love and Malcomson. 2d.  
*Deutsches Wörterbuch.* By Dr. Richard Loewe. G. J. Gofehen, Leipzig. 80 pfennige.  
*The German Invasion of England.* By a French Staff Officer. David Nutt. 1s. net.  
*Brazil in 1910.* By J. C. Oakenfull. R. W. Stevens, Plymouth.  
*Cousin's Young Man.* Original Play by Edith M. Kimpton. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 6d. net.  
*The Health of the Nations.* Compiled from Special Reports of the National Councils of Women. Constable and Co. 1s. net.

### THEOLOGY

- Many Mansions, and Other Sermons.* By the Rev. J. W. Bardsley, M.A. Nisbet and Co. 5s. net.  
*Three Addresses to City Men.* By the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of London, and Bishop Welldon. S.P.C.K. 6d.  
*The Hours of Prayer from Lauds to Compline inclusive.* Compiled from the Sarum Breviary and Other Rites. Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d. net.  
*Holy Marriage, being Four Lectures to Men Delivered in Substance.* By the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.  
*The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi.* H. R. Allenson. 2s. 6d. net.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- The Poets of Dumfriesshire.* By Frank Miller. MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow. 10s. net.

### EDUCATIONAL

- Advanced Latin Unseen, being a Higher Latin Reader.* Edited by H. J. Maidment, M.A., and T. R. Mills, M.A. W. B. Olive, University Tutorial Press. 3s. 6d.  
*Lectures et Exercices: Cours Élémentaire.* By F. B. Kirkman, B.A., L. Chouville, and Miss A. P. Pechey. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 2s.  
*Lectures et Exercices: Cours Moyen.* Edited by M. P. Andrews, M.A. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 2s.  
*Diagrammatic Atlas of the British Empire.* A. and C. Black. 1s.

### FICTION

- The Romance of a Monk.* By Alix King. Rebman. 6s.  
*Caprice: Her Book.* By Dorothy Senior. A. and C. Black. 6s.  
*Downward: "A Slice of Life."* By Maud Churton Braby. With a Preface on Library Censorship by Edward Garnett. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

### VERSE

- Daily Bread. Book I.—The House of Candles, and Other Dramatic Poems. Book II.—The Garret, and Other Dramatic Poems.* By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net each.  
*Night's Pilgrimage, or the End of Papist Tyranny.* By Graham Barr. Unwin Bros. 1s. net.

### PERIODICALS

- Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, 1908; The Empire Review; The Socialist Review; The Art Journal; The Anti-quary; Scribner's Magazine; Harper's Monthly Magazine; The Country Home; The Connoisseur; The Tramp, an Open Air Magazine; Century Magazine; Blackwood's Magazine; School World; The University Correspondent; The Book Monthly; Revue Bleue; The American Historical Review; Deutsche Rundschau; The Bibelot; The Author; Cambridge University Reporter; St. Nicholas; Mercure de France; United Empire, The Royal Colonial Institute Journal; Palestine Exploration Fund, Quarterly Statement; The Scottish Historical Review.*

# SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS.—IV.

APRIL, 1910

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- "English Episcopal Palaces: Province of York." In preparation for publication during the Autumn.
- "Royal Palaces of England." Edited by R. S. Rait. Illustrated. Contents:—Introduction by M. Hollings; Windsor, by E. Keate; Hampton Court, by E. Keate; St. James's, by C. Jamieson; Whitehall, by C. Jamieson; Buckingham, by G. A. Ellis; Kensington, by G. A. Ellis.
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- "The Tomb of Queen Tiya." By Theodore M. Davis. Contents:—The Discovery of the Tomb by T. M. Davis; Sketch of the Life of Queen Tiya by Gaston Maspero; Note by Professor G. Elliot Smith; The Excavations of 1907 by Edward Ayrton; Catalogue of the objects discovered by George Daresay; Illustrations in Colour by E. Harold Jones. With 35 Plates in Colour and Collotype. 42s. net.

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